

CLUB NEWS AND SPRING FASHIONS—PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND IDEAS FOR EVERY WOMAN

**Other People's Rights**  
By ELLEN ADAIR



To Tip or Not to Tip, That Is the Question

TO TIP or not to tip, that is the question. The much-voiced question of tipping is always around which endless discussion has been centered, and yet no one seems able to bring about a real remedy. The trend of public opinion is that this constant demand for the giving of gratuities is an unnecessary and altogether evil imposition, and one from which there ought to be a happy escape. But no escape offers itself. For conditions are such that the tipping evil, like the poor, is always with us, no matter to what particular corner of the globe we flee. In fact, feeling to any corner of the globe involves such an extraordinary amount of tipping that were we to sit down in a calm moment and figure the whole thing out, we should probably be so appalled at the thought of that endless array of porters, stewards, waiters, chauffeurs, guides, etc., lying ruthlessly in wait for us that never should we set anywhere at all.

The one solution which is most generally offered to the problem is that there should be a definite establishment of a living wage, and this wage in each case should be quite sufficient to preclude resort to the giving of gratuities. For not only does the giving of these gratuities involve inconvenience, but at the same time the recipients feel that there is a loss of self-respect in the accepting of what, after all, is a sort of charity. The idea that tipping is just payment for services rendered is quite fallacious, inasmuch as the standard is often very much higher than it should be—particularly in fashionable hotels, resorts and other places.

Take the case of the Pullman porters, for instance. It has been shown that salaries range from \$6.83 a week for a sleeping car porter to \$25 a week for a porter on an ordinary parlor car. The whole scale of payment has been worked out to combine with the amount of the tips that the porters will receive. Since the "powers that be" have flared out that the sleeping car porters get more tips than do the others, their salaries are smaller proportionately.

Not only do the persons who have to do the tipping object to the system, but at the same time the porters themselves would infinitely prefer a better arrangement. For they declare that the present system involves a loss of self-respect, is precarious, uncertain and altogether derogatory to their dignity as workers and men. Where there is a family depending

The Daily Story  
Suzette's Solution

It was only a few minutes until train time and the woman who all the morning had been wandering restlessly about the house, forced her reluctant consciousness to the realization of the fact that soon—very soon—Suzette would be here. Suzette, after her four years at an Eastern college, was coming home. And what was she, Helena Crosby, going to say to the girl? It was in answer to Helena's own urgent appeal that the girl was called; that and Sanford's letter. Despite the warmth of the sweet June day, Helena shivered. What was she to say?

Sanford's letter spoke for itself. In clear, unmitigated terms it begged Suzette to give up that long-dreamed-of year in Europe, and come back and marry him. His anxiously awaited promotion had arrived; he was at last in a position to ask the fulfillment of their hopes and dreams. Helena knew well enough what the letter contained. Had she not practically dictated the substance of it?

And Suzette's only answer had been a conciliatory telegram, "Starting for home today."

Did she mean to marry Robert or did she not? That was the question which over and over again rose feverishly to the sister's mind. Since Suzette was 19 and Robert 22, the two had been engaged—or, rather, there had been an understanding between them. Then Suzette had gone to college and Robert had followed his regiment to the Philippines.

Had the trouble begun, then, when Robert Helena dully, when a triangular chain of correspondence linked the three? Or was it not until Sanford had come to Helena first to talk about the absent Suzette, then to argue and tease about her own concerns, and lastly to discuss that never-ending topic for conversation to a man—himself? Helena could not tell. But happily, unthinkingly, she had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock had laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

Sanford, manlike, had wanted to admit the truth and face the consequences. But Helena, her heart a fiery turmoil of conflicting emotion, would not listen. She who, although only a year and a half older, had been always mother, nurse, everything to the cherished little sister—she to be the one to destroy that sister's happiness, break forever her faith in humanity?

"Impossible!" cried Helena, her gray eyes dark with anguish. And from that determination she could not be shaken, despite Robert's most impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot hurt Suzette," was her unswerving answer. And at last Robert, desperate, had written Suzette. Since the thing must be met, let it be met at once. Let them be married at once and return to the Philippines. It was the only remedy either could see.

And so it was that Helena Crosby could see nothing fair nor lovely in the clear, warm sunshine, the rustling bird-filled trees. When would Suzette come? And what would be the end? This was all her tired brain could carry.

There was a crisp footfall in the street, a sharp tinkle of the bell. Then the sound of Suzette's voice in a low interchange of words; a retreating, heavier footstep. The next moment the girl had sprung into the room. Her arms closed about Helena.

"Why, you darling!" she cried. "Why Helena, dear," as her quick eye noted the signs of suffering in the elder's face. Helena tried to smile.

"It is nothing, sweetheart," she answered. "Only a touch of headache," falling back on woman's never-failing excuse. "Oh, Suzette, how glad I am to see you!"

"Tell me what it all means?" she demanded practically. "Why is Robert in such a hurry all at once? He seems to have existed without me hitherto fairly well, with an amused little laugh. 'Why, then, this sudden emergency?'"

"His promotion—his return to the Philippines," stammered Helena. It was going to be even harder than she had fancied. If to give up Robert to an invisible, intangible, distant, heavenly, difficult enough, the renouncing of him to this radiant, splendid young creature—

"He thinks best," she faltered. "He thinks I will with him to the Philippines," put in Suzette, keenly. "There was incredulous protest in every line of the pretty face. Helena flushed. "Why, sure," dear, as his wife—

"No," she began. But Suzette interrupted. "Not I!" she declared decisively. "No heathen lands for me! It's absurd!"

"Absurd," echoed Helena. "But Suzette, dear, do you love him. Surely you love him?" she insisted earnestly. Suzette's chin tilted resentfully.

"Do I?" she said. "Not enough for that, anyway. After all, I haven't seen Robert in a long time. I don't know when—when we were together, he was wild-rose tint deepening. 'He is unreasonable. How do I know whether I love him?'"

"Do," broke in Helena, passionately. "Of course you do, you always have, dearest. And he loves you," bravely.

"Um—does he?" was the dubious response. "Well—perhaps. But I—later, Helena," her voice sharpening suddenly; you—remember Mr. Williams? I've written about him."

"Yes," answered Helena, surprised. The little face was hidden now on her shoulder.

"Well—well—" came a muffled sound. "He has always known of my engagement to Robert—so, when I told him that I was coming home he—he wouldn't let me come alone. He is older than I, a good deal." She went on the voice; "he—he cares for me very dearly, though. He wants to take me abroad, to let me study—"

A sudden blind resentment surged through Helena.

"But—Robert," she urged vehemently. "He cares for you, too; you know he does. He has not so much to offer—an unreasoning loyalty to the absent soldier, leaving her alone, 'he—he—' stammering as she remembered.

A warm little arm crept about her neck. "But you will help me," begged the voice, "you—you will tell him—"

"Tell him what," uttered Helena, sharply. There was fear, almost terror in the cry.

Suzette sat upright.

"That—that I am married," said Suzette distinctly. "I understand would not take the risk of doing me. And—and so we were married in Denver. He brought me here. He is coming back in an hour. You—you are not angry?" wistfully.

"Married!" gasped Helena. For a moment she remained quite still, seeking to absorb, to realize, the wonderful fact. "You—married?"

"Yes," said Suzette, meekly.

"And—and you're happy?" her first thought as ever for Suzette.

"Yes," said Suzette, a sparkle of laughter breaking forth.

"And—and Robert?"

"Robert I leave to you," said Suzette. "You must explain."

But Helena, comprehending at last, sprang toward the telephone. As she watched, the girl's face changed, a new and wholly sweet expression crept across the mobile features, revealing unsuspected depths.

"And did you two think that I could not understand?" she breathed, a tender reminiscence shadowing the blue eyes. "Did you think I could not guess the truth. Oh sister, my dearest sister! I leave Robert to you."

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

Queen Gets Into More Trouble

FOR several days after her narrow escape from drowning in the brook, Queen was very content to sit and dream by the warm fire; and she gave her good friend Bob no anxiety. But such comfort was not to last long.

She soon forgot her former lesson and set out in search of trouble—and when Queen hunted for trouble she always found it—cat and people both can do that, you know!

"It's all right to sit by the fire when it rains outdoors," said the Queen to herself; "but where is there a cat who wants to stay there on a warm spring day?"

Of course, nobody answered her, because she was careful to ask her question when no one could hear, so she lastly stretched herself and started for the door. "Another day of that freeze would make a regular Tabby of me," she said; "I'm getting fat as it is!"

She crept down the front hall and slipped out the front door, which happened to be open for ventilation. "I hope I won't run into old Bob," she mused; he'd be sure to tell me to be careful of the brook," which wasn't a very nice remark for her to make, considering how bravely the collic Bob had swum out and rescued her from her own folly only the week before!

Across the porch she made her way, down the path toward the barn, she walked with her most dignified step.

As she neared the barn she scented a mouse. "One is near!" she said to herself, and quick as a flash all her queenly dignity was forgotten and down the path she raced; out across the barnyard; through the garden and clear into the cornfield. There she caught him; but she didn't eat him—not she! She lived on cream and aristocratic food! No common mice for her! She just caught mice, because, being a cat, she couldn't help it.

Her brisk run had warmed her up and made her hungry.

"I don't believe I am getting fat one bit," she said to herself, "and I think I might just as well drink some more cream any time I want it! I wonder if I could get some at the milk house now?" She crept along towards the milk house,



The whole thing—pan, cream and all.

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

**THE FUNNY STARS**  
And how one of them scored! Lay Little.  
By BOB WILLIAMS

All around the Funny Moon  
Six Million Funny Dots  
Would blink themselves each Funny Night  
To Cheer the Funny Tots.

They called them Stars because they knew  
Just how to make you Smile;  
For when you saw the Sunny Sight  
Your Smile would spread a Mile.

When Night would fall in Funny Town,  
With such a Funny Crash,  
The Funny Stars would feed your gaze  
On Funny Heavenly Hash!

Some looked as big as Mother's Hat;  
A few were like the Eyes  
Of Golden Needles sticking thro'  
A Quilt of monstrous size.

**THE FUNNY STARS**  
The ones that looked like Tiny Specks  
Were bigger, so they say,  
Than those that seemed so large because  
They were so far away.

It's just the same with Stars we see  
In Walk-Up World each Night;  
The great big deubs of Twinkling Lights  
Are nearer to our sight.

Oh, say, I want to tell you of  
Miss Lilla Staring Star,  
A star jumped down and bumped her  
Name—  
The one was in her face!



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AN ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON FROCK

**PRIZE SUGGESTIONS**

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger, prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

Prizes of \$1 have been awarded to Carrie Yahn, 3011 North Marshall street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To keep spats from slipping up over low shoes take snap fasteners (large size) and sew one part of the fastener on the vamp of the shoe near the edge; then sew the other part of the fastener on the inside of the spats. Your stitches need not show, as you can sew on the double seam which goes up the front of the spat. If you sew black rubber on the strap of a gaiter it will fit snugly.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to J. E. McCoy, 782 South 21st street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When taking down your lace curtains this spring sew a small rust-proof hook on each extreme lower corner. When wishing to protect them from an open window or to put them out of the way on sweeping day they may be hooked up at any desired height without the least injury. The weight will not be sufficient to stretch the mesh of the lace, and the hooks, if of a small size, will not be noticeable.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Ethel Saller, 3329 North 22d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: People owning white furs will find this an easy as well as profitable and inexpensive method of cleaning them: Before putting them away in the spring get some French chalk from the drugist (it is inexpensive), and after airing them, be sure of no moths, sprinkle well with the chalk, taking care to rub it in well. Then wrap the furs in newspaper, place them in a box or trunk in which there is sufficient camphor to prevent moths. Upon taking them out in the fall you will find that they are clean and white.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Margaret E. Leonard, 181 North Warren street, Woodbury, N. J., for the following suggestion: In preparing potatoes for potato salad run cold water over them as soon as

Around the Clubs

The Philadelphia section of the Council of Jewish Women will hold its April meeting today at 2:30 p. m. at the Mercantile Club, Broad and Market streets. The program is as follows: Mrs. Stanley Goldsmith will give vocal selections; "Woman's Responsibility to the State" will be discussed by Miss Margaret Booth, president of the school. The exhibit comprises water sketches, photographs, rubbings, as well as bronzes, pottery and art objects purchased abroad last summer for the school.

Tonight will be "Bird Night" at the Saturday Club of Wayne, William L. Bailey will give an illustrated lecture on "Wild Bird Photography From Florida to Galicite Islands." The general title of the meeting to be held today at the New Century Club of Chester, Mrs. William O. Howland is in charge of the program. Preceding the meeting, there will be a "bake" at 2 p. m. for the benefit of the Day Nursery. Miss Carrie String is in charge of this affair, and it will be held at the Madison Street M. E. Church.

The Committee on Art and Literature of the Philomusical Club will meet today at 3 p. m. Mrs. William Potter Davis, Jr. is chairman of this section. The program will include dialect sketches by Rosina M. LaRosa.

At the meeting of the New Century Club of West Chester current events will be discussed. "Fairy Tales and How They Came to Us" will be the subject of a talk by Mrs. E. W. Elston; Miss Florence E. Thorpe will speak on "Fairy Story Telling," and "Allegorical Plays" will be discussed by Mrs. Walter S. Talbot. Music by the Choral Class will follow.

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CHESTER FAIRBANKS BAKERS

**A SMART GIRL'S DIARY**



A Smart Afternoon Frock

I WAS strolling through the shops yesterday with Ellnor, when I saw the very frock I had been looking for since early in the spring. You see, when I was visiting Jane, she had a very fashionable house guest from New York there at the same time, and this girl dressed to perfection. I envied her her exquisite taste, especially in selecting her afternoon gowns. Most any one can choose a becoming evening gown, because they follow a set type. But give me the woman who knows just what suits her in the afternoon. I'd hate to have her for a rival.

This dress I bought is perfectly charming; at least, I think so. It is a symphony in blue and black. The bodice was made in a deep V-front, with wide flaring points under the loose armholes, outlined with deep blue velvet ribbon. The whole gown was made of a wonderful changeable taffeta, which was black in one light and a shimmering midnight blue at another angle. The front of the bodice was filled in with soft white tulle. A huge Gladstone collar of the taffeta stood up in back, and it was pointed, too. The pretty part about the blouse was that it hung below the waist line, forming a sort of draped skirt, turned back into a narrow fold across the front. The sleeves were transparent, and made of changeable blue-black chiffon. A glorious American beauty was placed at the left side of the corsage.

The skirt was very novel. The foundation was made of the taffeta, accented plaited at the bottom, to give fulness. Three pointed silk net tunics, edged with more of the blue velvet ribbon, like that used on the bodice, gave an attractive flare. These tunics parted in the front quite unlike any I had seen before. I have a cute little hat I wear with this, of Belgian split straw, with a rolled brim and a feather fancy on the front. This is all black, of course, because the blue on the gown gives a youthful tone to the costume.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

All the large shops are showing charming styles in both dressy and tailored blouses, and it is really so hard to choose between the two that most women end up by buying both. Striped silks are especially fashionable just now, and the Roman varieties are seen in glorious colorings.

One Chestnut street shop, which is famous for its exclusive designs in blouses, is selling out its silk tailored blouses at a ridiculous price. A very good looking model is made of heavy wash silk, with a high collar, buttoning up the throat with ball buttons, and a pocket at the side. The colors in the silk are very pretty, the stripes are bright red and a navy blue alternating. The price is \$2.95.

Another stunning model is selling at the same price. It has a V-neck, which may also be worn high. The silk of which this one is made is more conservative in design, with golden-yellow satin stripes, and white ones in between. The turn-down collar is faced with white corded silk.

Georgette crepe is just as fashionable as ever, and promises to be worn extensively with silk coat suits. Many women are buying these blouses to wear with the

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST  
Grapefruit  
Oatmeal and Cream  
Tomato Omelet  
Muffins Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Shepherd's Pie  
Graham Bread  
Rhubarb Fritters  
Tea

DINNER

Chicken Soup  
Beefsteak, Mushroom Sauce  
Baked Potatoes Lima Beans  
Spinach Salad  
Cornstarch Pudding

ROMANCE REVEALED

Common Admiration for Sunday Leads to Marriage of Couple.

A romance which was brought about by visits to the tabernacle and a common admiration for "Billy" Sunday came to light today in the marriage of Warren C. Bristol, of 408 Diamond street, and Miss Flora Van Gilder, of Leesburg, N. J., who eloped to Baltimore.

Bristol was impressed with the evangelist's message, and it only took him a few visits to the tabernacle to induce him to "hit the saw dust trail." Miss Van Gilder, who was here visiting friends, encouraged him in this action, and when "Billy" left town they also left—but to get married. Bristol had known Miss Van Gilder for some time.

The two left town Saturday and lost little time in Baltimore in getting the knot tied. They were married at the home of the bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Wood, 28 West North avenue, last night. The bride's parents knew nothing of her intention to be married, it is said. Bristol is a salesman.

German-Americans Attend Ball

Turngemeinde Hall, Broad street and Columbia avenue, was transformed into a floral garden last night for the annual ball of the Junger Maennerchor, Maennerchor and Harmonie Association. The proceeds will be devoted to the German House. The affair was one of the most successful ever held here by Philadelphians of German birth. The General Committee was headed by Louis Glenshaus, as chairman; Hugo Bock, secretary, and George Wenner, treasurer. The committee was made up of the Ball Committee of the German-American ball and Junger Maennerchor and the Anniversary Committee of the Harmonie.

Mothers Lead in Suffrage Cause

Leaders of the suffrage movement who are married are the mothers of grown children, according to Marion Booth Kelley, of Massachusetts, who made an

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